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Letters on the Bonn Festival.

No. IV.

To Desmond Ryan, Esq.

Coblenz, August 16.

MY DEAR RYAN,

The weather to-day is somewhat improved. It is still however, cold and cloudy, and as I shall not stir out, till I leave for Cologne in the afternoon, I cannot better employ my time than in writing to you. Poor Liszt has got a severe attack of jaundice, the sole reward for his unparalleled exertions in the cause of Beethoven. As we were at breakfast this morning (Janin, French Flowers, Kenny, H. Wyld, and myself) he paid us a friendly visit, and explained, in a manner altogether satisfactory, several matters which had given the principal representatives of the English press at Bonn anything rather than a favorable idea of his courtesy and hospitality to strangers. Liszt has been throughout the scape-goat of the Committee, than whom a greater set of bunglers were never before entrusted with an affair of such importance. Liszt had no power whatever vested in his person of giving away tickets, or of otherwise promoting the laudable endeavours of the press of distant countries to obtain information about the Beethoven Festival. Whenever he was applied to, sooner than expose the folly and meanness of the Committee (who made a trading speculation, and nothing better, of the entire Fête) *he bought tickets for the applicants and paid for them out of his own pocket*. It is a matter for congratulation that the chief members of the press of England refrained, out of a proper sense of pride, from applying to him. They paid for their tickets and managed to get places as well as they could—not the slightest assistance being afforded them by the Committee. When Liszt, whom I first met at Cologne on the Friday previous to the Fête, stated to the Committee that several gentlemen from the English press had arrived, which he had learned from me, recommending them to the Committee's earnest and immediate attention—those worthy functionaries, and Dr. Breidenstein in particular, declared that as they knew nothing about the English press or its representatives, they could take no notice whatever of the application. This so

disgusted Liszt that he said no more on the subject. I am not aware how the English journals have treated Liszt, but the conduct of some of the Parisian prints has been utterly despicable. The greater number of these gentlemen lived the whole time at Bonn at the expense of the man they abuse, and some of them, (I have their names) actually borrowed money from him to take them home again. From this stigma upon the French press, I must exempt the *Journal des Debats*, which speaks of Liszt in its articles with becoming respect, and declined altogether to accept of his hospitality. Liszt's bill at the *Hotel de l'Etoile d'or* amounted to something less than eleven thousand francs—which, with what he gave towards the expenses of the inauguration, the erection of the statue, and the building of the new concert-room (which was wholly his idea) leaves him about *twenty-five thousand francs out of pocket* by the Beethoven Festival—for which he is rewarded by a quantity of petty abuse, and a stroke of the yellow jaundice. Poor Liszt has his faults it is true, and, as you well know, my dear Ryan, I have never numbered among his blind worshippers; but it must not be forgotten that, but for Liszt, Beethoven might yet be waiting for his statue. I have not yet done with this subject.

This morning Janin introduced me to Meyerbeer, who paid us a visit about eight o'clock. To judge from his conversation, he is a very agreeable person. His face and figure do not at first strike you, but as you become more intimate with them, you observe in them a fund of intelligence. His manners are remarkably courteous and gentlemanly. Though a German, he speaks French with the utmost fluency, and his choice of language is elegant and apt. He expressed great curiosity about England, and asked many questions about the Philharmonic, the opera, the theatres, the orchestras, &c. &c. He has invited me to visit him at Cologne, where he intends staying some days for repose,—and has particularly recommended me to go and hear Jenny Lind, of whom he is a warm admirer, in *Norma*. I need hardly say that I have accepted both his invitation and his recommendation, and whatever of interest transpires you shall hear. I must confess myself agreeably disappointed in Meyerbeer, whose polished manners and absence of all affectation, cannot fail of winning him a host of friends. He told me many interesting things about his *Prophete* and

Africaine, the two long expected *MSS.* about which the world of Paris and Vienna and Berlin are so anxious—also about his *Camp of Silesia*, and the propositions of Mr. Bunn last season, all of which you shall know at length.

The excursion to Nonnenwerth, of which you have already perused the eloquent description of Janin, amused me exceedingly. Having received no invitation, I was uncertain whether I should go, but curiosity attracted me, in company with Morris Barnett and Kenny, to the borders of the Rhine, to witness the ceremony of the baptism of the "*Ludwig van Beethoven*." We arrived just in time to be too late. As we came within sight of the river, the new boat, already baptised, was pursuing its course up the stream, amidst the cheering of the multitude and the roaring of canon. On board were Dr. Spohr, Liszt, Jules Janin, Madame Pleyel, Dr. Wollf, Professor Breidenstein, Moscheles, Sir George Smart, Hallé, Berlioz, French Flowers, the musical critic of the *Britannia* (as usual representing the English press), and other remarkable characters. As we were on the point of departing, we observed another steam-boat ready to start for Coblenz, which we were told would stop at Nonnenwerth on the way. We took advantage of this, and at Nonnenwerth joined the other party, and were present at the dinner, which was a scene of unusual animation. On board we found Henry Wyld, whose German served us substantially on the occasion. As there was no boat but the "*Ludwig van Beethoven*" to return by, we had the alternative of either storming the newly-baptised vessel, or sleeping all night at Nonnenwerth. Not feeling inclined for either, we induced Wyld to speak to one of the committee, who immediately procured us tickets to return by the favored boat. On our way home I had the pleasure of a long and interesting conversation with Dr. Spohr and his charming lady. Spohr's enthusiasm for England and the English is unbounded. He looks forward with the utmost anxiety to the day which (to use his own expression) shall again permit of his revisiting a country where music is so well understood and so worthily esteemed. Spohr's recollections of the enthusiastic reception he met with in London and in Norwich are, naturally enough, of the most gratifying description. He is indeed well aware that in no country are his works more generally known or more thoroughly appreciated. He spoke in the most complimentary terms of London's musical Mæcenæ, Mr. Alsager, and averred that he should never forget the dose of his own music with which that illustrious amateur regaled him on one occasion, in Queen Square, when a meeting was organised in compliment to the great composer, and nothing but his music was performed. Spohr enquired after many artists in England, and especially after Sterndale Bennett, for whom he expressed the warmest admiration. He was astonished when I informed him of the result of the late election to the chair of the Edinburgh Musical Professorship. He spoke with great regret of the death of little Charles Filtch,

who, he said, gave all the promise of becoming one of the greatest musicians in the world. Madame Spohr, who is a most intelligent, well-informed, and lady-like person, shares all her husband's zealous admiration of England. Spohr was much pleased when I told him of the furore which his duet in E minor, for violin and tenor had produced at a musical *matinée* in Berners Street, (which you will recollect) when performed by Vieuxtemps and Sivori. I also told him of the performance of the duet for two violins and orchestra in B minor, by Sivori and Sainton at the last Philharmonic Concert, which gave him no less pleasure, as he ranks it among the best of his works. I spoke to him, moreover, of the preference given to his symphony in D minor (No. 2) by English artists, at which he was evidently gratified. In the course of our conversation almost all his works were canvassed, and he seemed surprised that an English professor should be so thoroughly acquainted with his compositions. He recollected many articles of mine in the *Musical World* and *Musical Examiner*, on his "*Power of Sound*" — "*Earthliness and Godliness*" — "*Second Symphony*"—and other works, the only merit of which articles was their sincerity. Their highly eulogistic strain gave him the notion that they were half ironical, in which, however, Madame Spohr, who is an excellent English scholar, and who had translated them for him, would by no means concur—since in her opinion no praise of her husband's writings, however lavish, could be esteemed extravagant. Having succeeded in persuading him of the entire sincerity which had dictated the articles in question, Dr. Spohr shook me heartily by the hand, and expressed himself highly gratified that his compositions should have been capable of producing such an impression on the mind of an artist whose enthusiasm he could not doubt. A more happy mixture of dignity and simplicity I never encountered, than is exemplified in the character and demeanour of this great musician.

At the Nonnenwerth banquet, strange to say, Liszt, who had originally organized it, did not make his appearance, which offended a host of people, and gained him fresh enemies. Poor Liszt!—I verily think his head was turned on this occasion. So much exertion, so much flattery, so much abuse, so much insincerity, so much unnecessary trouble and vexation, caused by the ludicrous mismanagement of the committee, &c., &c., &c., altogether upset him. A malicious writer in the *Belgique Musicale*, (a weekly journal, published by M. Schott, of Brussels) thus alludes to this and another misdemeanour of the unhappy pianist:—

"In general, Liszt has not been happy in his momentary impulses. Thus, to cite a fresh example, how did he conduct himself on the occasion of the baptism of the "*Ludwig van Beethoven*?"—As soon as the ceremony was completed, the steamer, loaded with the invited guests, quitted the embarcation at Bonn, in the midst of a thunder of artillery, and proceeded up the Rhine, in the direction of the island of Nonnenwerth, where a banquet had been prepared. Liszt was sought for in vain on board the steamer. It was surmised that he might have arrived too late for the boat, and had hired a carriage to convey

him to the point on the opposite shore, which faces the island at Rolandseck, whence he could pass over to Nonnenwerth in a boat. But the place of destination is arrived at, and the guests are seated at table, and still no Liszt. At length, after several toasts—among others, that of Dr. Spohr who was present, and of Dr. Liszt who was absent—all the world re-embarked in the "*Ludwig van Beethoven*," to return to Bonn. As the boat plied slowly down the Rhine, who should be seen, in a hotel on the borders of the river, deigning a salute to the newly baptised steamer, but Liszt, who had thought proper thus to separate himself from the rest of the company and dine in private with a select party! It is hardly necessary to say that this ill calculated pleasantry gained him anything rather than their good opinions. Another circumstance may serve to show that the great pianist was in one of his unlucky days. The same evening, the military serenade and the private concert, under the direction of Meyerbeer, were to take place at Bruhl. At seven o'clock the railway *convoi* started. Long before that hour the station was encumbered by an immense crowd of persons anxious to be present. Five hundred at least were unable to gain places, although every waggon (even to those devoted to the carriage of luggage and cattle) was fixed to the train. All of a sudden appears Liszt, accompanied by two friends—He tries in vain to penetrate into the *bureau*. But after all is it necessary for such a man to follow in the vulgar path? No—his resolution is soon taken—he penetrates through the midst of the disappointed crowd retained in front of the station, reaches the palings which defend it, and bounds over them in the twinkling of an eye, followed by his two *acolytes*, and a certain number of imitators, *vrais moutons de Panurge*. Judge of the astonishment of the lookers on! But unhappily Liszt had reckoned without the guards of the station, who seized him by the collar, as they would have done with the most vulgar of the crowd packed in the cattle-waggons. He was compelled to address them at length and with much energy, seconded by the acclamations and verifications of such of his friends as were at hand, before the guards would allow him to go free and proceed—not as he came, nor even with the *convoi* to Bruhl, but quietly back into the town of Bonn. However, since he dispensed voluntarily with the banquet at Nonnenwerth, which was his own proposal, he had not much right to complain of being obliged to dispense involuntarily with the serenade at Bruhl."

That this, which I have rendered literally into English, proceeds from an enemy, is easily perceivable—perhaps one of those who fed at Liszt's expense and returned home again with his money—like certain respectable members of the French press. The article is signed H. V. Of the serenade at Bruhl I can tell you but little. I was one of the unfortunate five hundred who could not get admitted into the *convoi* of seven o'clock. Janin—who was *not* present, since he supped with us, at the *Etoile d'or*, at nine (and no one got back from Bruhl before *eleven*)—has given an eloquent description of the affair, which I shall not quote. Suffice it, the Queen of England arrived at Bruhl—a small town between Cologne and Bonn—that night, and a serenade of military music, under the direction of Meyerbeer, was organised in her honor. There were, according to Janin's account—which as he was *not* there may be relied upon—four hundred drums and two hundred trumpets. The selection of music consisted of Mendelssohn's famous march from the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," some pieces from Meyerbeer's "*Camp of Silesia*," and other *morceaux*. The performance was distinctly heard at Bonn—many a mile off—so I lost nothing by being absent.

In the evening, after supper—where I had much pleasure in meeting Vivier, the cornist—who is as witty and humorous as ever—Jules de Glimes, Charles Hallé, the pianist—whom I had not seen since I was at Boulogne with Ernst, two summers bygone—Schlesinger, of the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*, and other older friends and acquaintances—I joined French Flowers, Kenny, Morris Barnett, and Henry Wylde, and proceeded to the *Volks-ball*—(People's ball)—where Flowers displayed his efficiency in every kind of German dance. But owing to the unfavorable weather the attendance was very scanty, and the affair altogether so "slow," that we adjourned at an early hour and retired home to bed. At the ball we made the acquaintance of a German student, who professed himself much gratified by the introduction—promised to do endless things for us, in the way of good seats at the inauguration, &c. &c.—and the next day forgot both his promises and his new acquaintances;—but then he was in full costume, à l'*etudiant* of heaven knows what century. In the room, where the *volks-ball* occurred—a mean building outside of the town, having many properties in common with a shed—the concerts of the Festival were to have taken place. Liszt however—the much abused Liszt—overtaken this absurdity by the proposition of a new room, which was no sooner accepted than he set to work upon it, and in eleven days it was completed. I find my letter has extended to an unusual length, and must therefore defer the "Inauguration," and the second concert, till my next. Pick-pockets were in great force at the first concert. Every body either lost his purse or something else—even F . . . lost a pocket handkerchief—for which, a wag said, Liszt returned him *the value*. Janin asked me if it was true that all the pick-pockets were from London—to which I replied that, on the contrary, I believed they were chiefly from Paris. Adieu, Ever yours, J. W. D.

PS.—A gross insult was offered to the celebrated pianist and composer, Moscheles, by the "Beethoven Committee." Imagining that his presence must indicate a desire to take a part in the concerts, they had the effrontery to ask him to accompany, at the artists' concert, a third-rate vocalist (Dlle Kratky) in *Adelaida*! It is hardly necessary for me to say that Moscheles declined the honor. Though Sir George Smart received an official invitation to the *fête*, not the slightest notice was taken of his presence by the Committee. Poor Liszt did his best, in apologizing to Sir George, to cover the blunders of his unworthy companion-directors, but, I fear, with little success.

Manchester Philharmonic Institute.

(From the Manchester Times.)

The opening concerts for the season of this valuable institution were given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, the first concert being given in Cooke's Royal Amphitheatre;

but in consequence of one of the dressing rooms of the theatre giving way on Tuesday evening, it was considered more advisable, on the part of the committee, to obtain the Free Trade Hall, which was granted immediately by the Council of the League. Mr. Sudlow, principal first tenor violin player, is, we believe, the greatest sufferer by this accident (having sustained a compound fracture of the ankle), but it is stated that hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

The principal vocalists were Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, and the celebrated basso, Signor Lablache. Solo instrumentalists—Grand pianoforte, M. Benedict and Mr. J. A. Pickering. Conductor—M. Jules Benedict. Leader—Mr. C. A. Seymour. Musical director, Mr. R. Weston. The band and chorus were powerful and complete, and consisted of nearly three hundred performers. The programme of Tuesday evening consisted of selections from Donizetti's grand opera, *Don Pasquale*, as performed by the above eminent vocalists at Her Majesty's Theatre.

With so strong a party of principal vocalists as have been brought forward upon this occasion, some difficulty will naturally arise in describing anything like a correct idea of the effects produced either individually or collectively. Signor F. Lablache appears to improve both in quantity and quality of tone produced, and has now taken a front rank amongst the lyrical performers of Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Mario bids fair to approach in point of popularity to Donzelli, Rubini, and other tenors, some of whom have retired, carrying with them *golden* opinions from their numerous admirers. His performance of a delightful scena, composed expressly for him by M. Benedict (the conductor on this occasion), was splendid; in fact, the extent of the cadence, chiefly with the falsetto, was astonishing. This composition was loudly encored. Madame Grisi, in the scena by Mercadante, displayed her unrivalled powers as a bravura singer, and was warmly applauded. The chorus (principally of the working classes connected with the institution) acquitted themselves very creditably in the splendid glee, by Webbe, "When winds breathe soft," which also obtained its meed of applause. A buffo duet, by the Signori Lablache, was loudly encored. The second part of the concert, with a few exceptions, went off rather flatly, in consequence of the accident before mentioned, all parties feeling anxious, no doubt, to get home, lest a still more serious one should occur. Mr. Weston, however, assured the audience that there was not the slightest cause for alarm, as that portion of the house where the accident had occurred would not in the remotest degree affect the safety of the building. Signor Mario's performance of the celebrated serenade, "Come gentil," was, notwithstanding the accident, rapturously encored.

The performance for Thursday evening's concert was remarkably strong in favorite compositions for the vocalists, and consisted of selections from Bellini's celebrated opera, *I Puritani*. The attendance was much greater than at the previous concert, and every person appeared to be highly delighted with the whole of the performance—indeed, a more complete composition has never been given since the festival of 1836. The Lablache appeared as though he had at last got into a room where he could give full force to his wonderful powers; and in the celebrated duo, "Suoni la tromba," he seemed to outlive himself; in fact, all acknowledged they had never heard him to more advantage. The buffo singing of father and son was exquisitely ludicrous; and in the duet, "Oh guardate," with Madame Grisi, each imitated the other's peculiarity of voice with all the earnestness of a real quarrel.

This concert occupied nearly three hours, there being no less than eight encores; amongst which, we must not forget to name the chorus glee, "Hail smiling morn," given by the humble choristers with remarkable precision and effect. Signor Mario gave "Come gentil," upon being encored in the scena. "Tu vedrai," at the request of several parties, was sung by Signor Mario, and assisted by Madame Grisi and the Signori Lablache in the chorus. The whole of the principals assisted in the National Anthem, which was given by the full choir, the band and a great portion of the audience joining.

Shrewsbury Choral Society.

(From the Eddowes Journal.)

The first concert of the season took place on Thursday last at the Music Hall, and was attended by a fashionable audience of about 800. The attraction were of no ordinary character; the names of Rossi Caccia, Brambilla, Rosetti, Moriani, Gallinari, and Puzzi, are at all times calculated to ensure a large audience, especially when joined to a programme containing some of the choicest *morceaux* of Rossini, Mozart, Spohr, Donizetti, Auber, Mercadante, &c. &c. Several pieces were unavoidably omitted, and others substituted, in consequence of the absence of Mdlle. Rosetti, who, we regret to hear, is seriously indisposed at Northampton. Madame Rossi Caccia is decidedly one of the first sopranos of the day, and fully deserves the high encomiums that have been passed upon her by the London press; she possesses an organ of great sweetness, combined with consummate skill in the management of it, a most brilliant execution, and peculiarly fascinating and graceful manners. The concert opened with Mozart's overture to *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was well performed, as was likewise the beautiful overture of Spohr's, at the commencement of the second part. After a trio of Mozart's, "Ridiamo, cantiamo," and a duet, in both of which Madame Caccia took Rosetti's part, came the gem of the evening, Rossini's well known cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," from *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*, when Madame Caccia completely electrified the audience; certainly she departed considerably from the original music, and overloaded the piece with ornament, but of so rich and brilliant a description as to excite universal delight and astonishment; it narrowly escaped an encore, and had it not been that Madame Caccia had to perform considerably more music, in consequence of Mdlle. Rosetti's absence, it would probably have been re-demanded. Moriani appeared to have a bad cold, and to be out of spirits, nevertheless he sang "Alma soave" and "Più che non ama 'un angelo," with great taste and feeling. We cannot say we admire him as much as either Mario or Salvi. Brambilla labored under a similar disadvantage, her lower notes were quite husky, but it must be evident to all who heard her, that she has a contralto voice of the richest quality; she was deservedly encored in "Il segreto," from Donizetti's opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Puzzi performed his solo on airs from Balfe's operas, and another on popular operatic airs. We cannot say we much admire them. The horn is not an instrument well adapted for solos. The last piece but one of the first part, a trio, we do not recollect the name of it, was exceedingly beautiful, and was duly appreciated by the audience. Caccia and Moriani drew forth hearty bursts of applause by the expressive manner in which they executed the duet from *Roberto Devereux*. The part commencing "Io

lampo, un lampo orribile," was delivered by Madame Caccia with thrilling energy; Moriani was equally great in the following part, the air with which he sang it was truly touching—an unanimous encore was the consequence. Mercadante's duet, "Dolce conforto," was encored, and responded to immediately by Caccia and Brambilla with the greatest good nature, despite their previous exertions. Mr. Hiles performed one of Handel's organ concertos, introducing a slow movement by Viotti, in a most masterly style. The two glees for the full choir were "From Oberon in fairy land," the Ho, ho, ho, in which, by the way, sounded rather sepulchral—and Danby's "Awake, Eolian lyre, awake," which was very well sung. We cannot conclude without congratulating the subscribers on the rich treat they had on Thursday last, and our hearty wishes for the continued prosperity of the Shrewsbury Choral Society.

Since the above was written, we have heard with regret that Signor Moriani has had a very recent bereavement, which would of course unfit him, in a great measure, for performing in public.

Bristol Classical Harmonists' Society.

(From the Bristol Journal.)

The Bristol Classical Harmonists' Society afforded the public a gratification of no common order on Wednesday evening at the Victoria Rooms. It was the performance of Haydn's Oratorio of *The Creation*, which we had not before heard entire for some years. As a composition it is peculiarly rich in orchestral effects, and on this occasion the Society had engaged a band of first-rate excellence, of course fully adequate to the development of the beautiful conceptions which pervade every part of it. Though it is now seldom performed as a whole, this Oratorio will never tire; it will go down to posterity side by side with those of the immortal Handel—the one conspicuous for most skilful instrumentation, applied to what is called "descriptive music;" the other for the magnificence of its massive vocal harmonies.

The leading vocalists were Miss Rainforth, Mr. Millar (of Bath), and Herr Staudigl. Having premised thus much, we now proceed to give a brief account of the performance; and though we begin by finding fault, we shall have ample opportunity of conferring praise. The opening chorus, "And the Spirit of God," was given far too loudly. The author has marked it "sotto voce," intending that the fortissimo of the band on the word "light"—(And God said, let there be LIGHT)—should express with greater effect the Eternal fiat. The preliminary words not being uttered in a sufficiently subdued tone, the contrast was sacrificed. The succeeding air, "Now vanish before the early beam," was effectively given by Mr. Millar; and the characteristic chorus of which it is the introduction, "Despairing, cursing rage attends their rapid fall" (in E minor), with the pleasing change into A major on the words "A new-created world appears," was done full justice to by the band and chorus. Herr Staudigl's splendid voice was heard to great advantage in the fine recitative, "And God made the firmament." The beautiful air, "The marvellous work," was assigned to Miss Rainforth, who was in excellent voice, and sang it delightfully, her sweet tones (in one part up to C in alt) predominating over the accompanying chorus, "And to the ethereal vaults." In like superior style she gave the favorite song,

"With verdure clad." Herr Staudigl's "Rolling in foaming billows," and Mr. Millar's "In splendour bright," were faultless; and the singers were ably supported by the well-constituted band. We have seldom heard the choruses, "Awake the harp," and "The heavens are telling," performed with greater precision.

The second part of the Oratorio opens with the peopling of the earth; and here are introduced a series of descriptive songs for the principal voices, calling into requisition all the various instruments to the purposes to which the ingenuity of the author has applied them. Here, therefore, the audience were gratified by the alternate prominence of the flute by Mr. Saynor, the oboe by Mr. Nicholson, the bassoon by Mr. Keating, the violin by Mr. Cooper, and the other leading constituents of the band, each in turn evincing the matured execution and intonation for which they are celebrated. The soaring of the eagle "on mighty pens," the carolling of the "merry lark," the cooing of the "tender dove," the roaring of the "tawny lion," the bounding of the "flexible tiger," are all vividly depicted; in fact, not a feature of creation has been left unsung by Haydn in this his imperishable work. The trios for the principal voices introduced between the recitatives seemed to be fully appreciated by the attentive audience, whose request Herr Staudigl kindly complied with in repeating the noble recitative, "Straight opening her fertile womb," which we never heard given with richer effect. The succeeding air, "In native worth," was assigned to Mr. Millar, who sang it admirably, and was most deservedly encored. It is astonishing that this gentleman, engaged all day in the labouring task of teaching, should be enabled to endure the fag of a public performance; but, if we are rightly informed, he prudently allowed himself a little relaxation on Wednesday. However this may be, he sustained his arduous part most efficiently: we never heard his fine voice and accurate judgment more successfully exerted.

The principal feature of the third part was the succession of duets between Miss Rainforth and Herr Staudigl (in the characters of our first parents), who delivered them with exquisite taste, particularly the elegant composition, "Graceful consort." We anticipated an unanimous encore for this gem, and can only account for its not being called for again, by its location near the end of the Oratorio. The elaborate chorus, "The Lord is great," brought the performance to a close about eleven o'clock, nearly the whole audience having remained to the last.

We congratulate the Society of Harmonists on the successful result of their spirited undertaking, both as regards the attendance (above a thousand persons being present), and the admirable style in which the concert was got up. The band was judiciously selected, the chorus well trained. We need scarcely add that, with Mr. Corfe as conductor, and Mr. Cooper as leader, the performance was one of unusual excellence.

Sayings and Doings at Cheltenham.

(From the Cheltenham Looker-On.)

Mr. Hale's two concerts, the one at the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening, the other at the Rotunda on Wednesday morning, were not so fully attended as we had hoped to have seen them, particularly the first, the attendance upon which was unusually thin for performances having so much

of attractive excellence to commend them to musical notice and patronage. The chief magnets were, of course, Madame Castellan, whose first appearance in Cheltenham this was, and Signor Fornasari, the famous *basso* of the Italian Opera. These two sang together, or with one or other of the other artists engaged, in almost all the concerted pieces introduced, and in each concert each sang an aria alone. In the first Madame Castellan favoured us with Donizetti's beautiful melody, "O luce di quest' anima," and in the second with Bellini's scarce less beautiful "Ah non guinge," in both of which the fine soprano voice and brilliant execution we had heard and read so much of, were strikingly apparent. Both songs were loudly encored, as were also several of the duets and trios, in which our prima donna sustained the leading part. One of the most perfect gems of either concert was a quartet and chorus of Palestrina's, "La Trinita," sung on Wednesday morning. More exquisite harmonies we certainly never listened to in any concert-room, and of this all present appeared perfectly conscious, for it was called for a second time by the most enthusiastic applause. Miss Dolby sang an Italian and an English song in each act of each concert, and took part in several duets, &c., with Signor Fornasari and Brizzi. She was most at home in her English ballads, in both of which she was warmly encored. Her "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," was given with an expression of genuine feeling, that never fails to find a response in the sympathies of an English audience. With Signor Brizzi's singing we were not at all pleased, and, therefore, concerning it "shall say no more at present." Both concerts were conducted by Signor Orsini, the fifth and remaining member of this musical corps.

M. Jullien's concert performances at the Pittville Spa, the last of which took place on Tuesday morning, proved eminently successful, and we have no doubt will lead to the introduction of other similar amusements there. Since this first experiment has demonstrated, that, notwithstanding the distance of the Pump Room from the town, this distance will be no bar to success when the attraction is, as it always ought to be at such establishments, of a tone and character to merit the patronage of the public. By an ingenious moveable enclosure of the dome, which rises through the centre of the building, the room, formerly one of the worst in the town for concerts, has been very greatly improved, and may now, if properly fitted up, be rendered equal to the best for musical purposes. We should suggest, however, to the managers, that when the audience should be accommodated with seats, that they should not fill the entire area of the building with "reserves." It is misleading the public to talk of "reserved seats," when, in fact, there are none other. The arrangement made should be honestly stated. It is always best that the public should understand *in limine*, the precise terms of the engagements into which they enter.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXXVII.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

I recollect once becoming acquainted with an aspiring youth whose soul was filled with the glitter and glory of a military life, but whom Dame Fortune, with a blindness for which that old lady has so long

been notorious, had chained for life to the desk of a city merchant. Restless, however, under the degradation of his situation, he purchased a military frock-coat, which he buttoned up to the chin, then taking a small cane in his hand, and wearing his hat *a la militaire*, he would, during a portion of the hour appropriated to dinner, promenade in front of the Horse Guards, in the vain hope that some of the loitering soldiers might mistake him for an officer in undress, and administer to his vanity by touching their hats to him.

I have been forcibly reminded of this circumstance, by the endeavours which we see continually made by persons, not only to force themselves into a position for which they are eminently unfitted, but actually to wish the public to acknowledge their fitness.

In many other arts besides music, this is painfully apparent to all who feel an interest in their progress; but, as it is with the latter of these that I have now to deal, I can only express a wish that the time may speedily arrive when the professors of every art may be called on to perform a portion of what they have so long professed, and to abide cheerfully by the public decision.

It often happens that a person who has received scarcely any musical education, is desirous of becoming a professor of the science; and having, either from an extensive connexion, or from some other circumstance persuaded two or three young ladies to become his pupils, he is at once installed in his new situation, without being bored with unpleasant questions as to how he got there. Having, however, mentally granted his own diploma, he is somewhat at a loss how to proclaim the circumstance to the world. After cogitating therefore for some little time, he suddenly thinks of a brass plate, which he forthwith procures and places upon the street-door, with the words "Professor of Music" legibly engraved thereon. Like the "aspiring youth" I have before mentioned, he now wears much of the outward appearance of the persons he would represent, and in this consciousness, he as studiously seeks to impose upon the credulous and unsuspecting. The result of the two cases is however essentially different, for, whilst the self-created professor is recognised and admitted by the innocent public to all the duties and emoluments arising from the position he has assumed, the self-created officer is cruelly neglected, and should a regiment with a real officer at its head suddenly appear, he will not only be told to move out of the way, but will very probably be most unceremoniously "rumped" by the horses.

Every body who has had much experience in the profession must be fully aware of the great injury which such professors are doing and have done to the art. Were the mass of the public judges of the relative merits of musical instructors, there would be little cause to complain; certain grades would then of course be established by the force of opinion, and every professor would only take that position which his musical qualifications entitle him to. Unfortunately however, this is not the case: provided the musical teacher sit by the pupil during the stipulated time, and is tolerably regular in his days of attendance, most persons are perfectly satisfied; and thus it often happens that, whilst the professor endowed by nature with musical talent is struggling against a series of insurmountable difficulties, the mere self-created teacher we have mentioned, is living in glorious style, by the exercise of a science of which he scarcely knows even the rudiments.

But apart from the injury which is thus done to the art itself, it often creates a feeling in the profession, which is diametrically opposed to that unity which should ever be the characteristic of the followers of art and science. Musicians are notoriously more divided and more violent against each other than any other body of professors in existence; and this, in a great measure, arises from their *want of knowledge of each other*. As soon as any one makes himself at all prominent, the question asked on all sides is, "Who is he?" As this is a question which the said professor thinks himself not called upon to answer—the number of pupils being too often the worldly standard of musical talent, he, of course replies in the same strain, and as every musician appears to be considered ignorant until he is proved otherwise, it is not much to be wondered at that much ill feeling should thus be generated. Meanwhile the very few persons who care anything about these petty dissensions, merely know that a number of musical men are quarrelling together; and, not being particularly fond of reading their periodical attacks upon each other, they usually leave them to their fate, correctly imagining that any man who can calmly employ his time in dragging a brother-artist down, must be the last person to care about building the art up.

As it is obvious that much of the ill feeling I have mentioned is produced by the fact of there being no tribunal before which all persons should be compelled to exhibit their musical qualifications before entering the musical profession, there can be little doubt that to establish such a tribunal would be the very best thing that could occur for the art. But it strikes me forcibly, that in the present day many persons, in their zeal to prove their own fitness for the rank which

they hold, are too apt to imagine that the most effectual way of doing so is by endeavouring to prove the unfitness of others.

Many are to be found who, standing on a pedestal raised solely by their own vanity, not only entertain their hearers with an estimate of themselves, but actually insist upon judging others by their own model. Were this not prejudicial to the art, it would be simply ridiculous, but in the present state of the profession, much time must elapse before such persons can find their true level. In the meantime, it appears to me that we have but one sensible course to pursue in the matter. As we have no method by which to judge of the talents of many professors, who worthily or unworthily occupy a fair position in the musical world, let us rather endeavour to exalt ourselves than to depress them. Whenever opinions are given forth, however opposed they may be to our own, let us not think of the man who utters them, but of the opinions themselves. Were we to question too closely the talents of many of these unobtrusive persons, it might often happen that we should only succeed in developing acquirements, for which we had before given them no credit, and, almost insensibly, in displaying our own ignorance. In either case, the experiment is dangerous, and as there can be little doubt, that the intellectual of all nations will some day judge us in music as they have already judged us in other arts, let us rather think of preparing ourselves for this day, than in troubling our heads about the knowledge or ignorance of our neighbours.

Acrostic-Improptu,

While listening to *Thomas Adams' wonderful and inimitable extemporaneous performance on the Organ at Guildhall.*

Thy name betokens—first of men—
How true the title all must ken,
On whose rapt souls voluptuous floats,
Meltingly soft, thy magic notes.
And now thy restless, mighty mind,
Sends forth rich melodies combined;
And wearing them with giant skill,
Doth captive lead the senses—till
A feeling of warm love doth thrill,
Mixed with deep reverence—for that mind
Surpassing ALL of HUMAN kind!

LUCY.

Mother, a Tear is in thine Eye.

(For Music.)

BY J. H. JEWELL.

Mother, a tear is in thine eye,
 Is stealing stealing down thy cheek,
 Thy heart seems bursting with that sigh,
 Thy sorrows to thy child, oh speak!
 Oh weep not thus, thy grief assuage,
 From sorrow let thy heart be free,
 Let brighter thoughts fill up the page:
 I will be dutiful to thee.

Though Providence hath dealt a blow
 Which may seem dire, unkind to thee,
 Dear mother, you too surely know
 It watches over you and me:
 And, should my cup of sorrow fill,
 I'll not repine, but rather bless,
 I'll bow me to my Maker's will:
 God will protect the fatherless.

Tears may relieve thy widowed mind,
 A father's death I too deplore,
 Yet we are told to be resign'd,
 What God hath will'd can we restore?
 Ah, mother, all will yet be well,
 He chasteneth those whom he doth love,
 And we have yet, oh joy to tell,
 A Father and a friend above.

One and Twenty.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

Oh! for the bright, the happy time!
 That joyous season of our youth,
 When Early Life is in its prime,
 And all our actions fraught with truth!
 When all our hopes and young desires
 Are cloudless as the summer sun:
 An age whose spirit never tires,
 The glorious age of Twenty-one!
 Oh! 'tis an age before the heart
 Its brothers' actions learns to scan,
 Before we know Suspicion's dart,
 And to mistrust our fellow man!
 An age, when all we wish is ours,
 Whatever we attempt is done!
 A pathway ripe with fruit and flow'rs;
 The glorious age of Twenty-one!
 Oh! 'tis an age when from the eyes
 Beam forth our feelings honestly;
 And when the mind knows no disguise,
 And the step is full of buoyancy.
 Then make the most of it ye can!
 It comes but once, and soon is run,
 It is the Golden Age of man,
 The glorious age of Twenty-one!

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Liverpool, September 1, 1845.

Dear Sir,—

Mr. Clare commences the second section of the sixth paragraph of his letter with:—"Secondly, by singing the major scale of C ascendingly, and descending to the second D, singing its major scale, and descending to its second E, singing its major scale, descending to its second F sharp, singing its major scale, descending to its second G sharp, singing its major scale, descending to its second A sharp! You will find yourself correct if you sing them perfectly in tune (?), which you must satisfy you do (?), before the thing can be fairly tested! This will prove the times to be perfectly equal to each other!" We have here an experiment by singing, which is intended to prove that there are five sounds—D, E, F, sharp, G sharp, and A sharp—which divide the interval tenor C and treble C into six equal tone-intervals. Mr. Clare says that you must satisfy yourself that you sing the notes perfectly in tune; or the fact that the tone-intervals are perfectly co-equal, will not have been fairly tested. How is the singer to test the correctness of his intonation? Is it by arriving exactly at the upper C, accordingly with Mr. Clare's intention? or by the symmetrical qualities of the notes themselves? Perhaps Mr. Clare has never heard of singers' fifths. Altogether the experiment is not scientific. Or it is comparatively slovenly: because the muscles of the vocal organ are generally prone to some slight relaxation; and the memory is deceived by the sense of hearing not being sufficiently sensitive to detect the not uncommonly slight downwards tendency in the pitch, as well as by the distraction occasioned by the effort of even an accomplished singer to transfer the idea of a key-note to its second note. But, were his means really efficacious, by his singer being able to satisfy himself in respect of his true intonation, Mr. Clare has omitted the octave-note, or test sound, by not saying of his A sharp:—"singing its major scale, and descending to B sharp." Has the omission of the test-sound been occasioned by an oversight of the compositor?—by Mr. Clare's B sharp being the same sound with treble C, or the first perfect concord with his tenor C? which he has gainsaid in the earlier and later parts of his letter, by his being too much tired of his rignma-role? or by his forgetfulness? I am disposed to admit of any, or of all of these excuses, and, temporarily, that Mr. Clare has really thus proved that the six tone-intervals between C and C may be made perfectly co-equal, and that they may divide his fifty eighth-intervals into exactly six equal portions; but how is Mr. Clare to reconcile his co-equal eight-eighth tone-intervals with those co-equal tone-intervals which extend to eight eighths and one-third of an eighth? "I think" that by comparison Mr. Clare must begin to count himself as somewhat of a stray figurer; and, especially so, when he has peremptorily obliged himself to insinuate that F sharp with G flat, G sharp with A

flat, A sharp with B flat, and B sharp with C, are only so many double names for the same notes within the same circumstances.

It is to be remembered that my object is now further to expose the fallacy of Mr. Clare's "thinkings" about the perfect co-equality of his "larger intervals." For this purpose I will put Mr. Clare's experiment into plain English. Let C and D—D and E—E and F sharp—G flat, and A flat—A flat, and B flat, and B flat, and C, be respectively the key and the second notes in the major mode diatonic scale from C—D—E—F sharp, or G flat—A flat, and B flat, with the proper tonic and dominant bass notes;—taking particular care that the sound of each second note shall precisely be retained for each succeeding key-note. When this experiment is carefully made, the upper C is higher than the perfect octave note by very, very slightly more than the greatest one-tenth—or between the smallest but one, and the smallest one-ninth part of the major tone. By taking the tonic and sub-dominant (instead of the tonic and dominant) bass notes against the same notes in the diatonic scale from the same key-notes, the upper C is lower than the perfect octave note, by an interval half way between the smaller half of the minor tone, and the semitone between the major third and the fourth notes of the scale, when they have the tonic and the dominant accompaniments. There will be exactly the same result, if Mr. Clare will allow his C and D—D and E—E and F sharp—F sharp, and G sharp—G sharp and A sharp, and B flat and C, to be considered as the major second and major third notes in the diatonic scale from B flat,—C,—D,—E,—F sharp, and A flat, with their respective dominant and tonic bass notes. This last, as well as the two following experiments, I am quite content to leave with the voice of Mr. Clare's singer. Let C, D, and E,—E, F sharp, and G sharp, and A flat, B flat and C, be considered as the key, second and third notes in the major mode diatonic scale from C,—E, and A flat—taking care that the intonation of the last note in one series shall be strictly retained for the first note of its successor—and his upper C will fall short of the perfect octave note by the smallest three-sixteenths of the redundant major tone. Perhaps Mr. Clare is not acquainted with Earl Stanhope's equal temperament. The smoothest—the most harmonious chord of the dominant flat seventh, on the pianoforte or the organ, is that from B flat or E flat. Let a singer, accordingly with his own convenience, or a tenor player, take B flat or E flat, and their lower octave notes, as the eighth notes in the dominant flat seventh-chord, and afterwards imitate the beautiful intonations of either of those instruments for the lower B flat,—D,—F and A flat, or the lower E flat,—G,—B flat, and D flat, and let him consider that the notes from B flat and E flat are respectively belonging to the scale from E flat and A flat. Let either, or both of these passages be carefully repeated several times. Then let similar dominant seventh-chord passages in the scale from A,—G,—F,—E flat and D flat be so carefully sung or played in tune, as that the sound of the dominant flat seventh note, of one passage, shall be precisely the sound of the dominant eighth-note of its successor: namely, E,—lower E,—G sharp,—B, and D;—D,—lower D,—F sharp,—A, and C;—C,—lower C,—E,—G, and B flat;—B flat,—lower B flat,—D,—F, and A flat; and A flat,—lower A flat,—C,—E flat, and G flat, which will be found about in unison with E. Thus, will the interval E, and E, be divided into five redundant major tones.

Immediately after Mr. Clare's experiment to prove that the diatonic semitones are "more than half the size of a tone, and equal to each other," he says, "if you sing these scales perfectly in tune, when you arrive at the last scale, you will find that you have gained a diatonic semitone, and you will be singing *F sharp instead of G*." In my former letter about the semitone, I have proposed the means to shew that this experiment is fallacious. But what, except his prejudice, has prevented him from saying *G flat instead of G*? Every other person would say so of G, when it is lower than its place. Immediately after his experiment to prove that D,—E,—F sharp,—G sharp, and A sharp, divide the interval C,—C, into five co-equal tone intervals, Mr. Clare says, "you will find yourself correct if you sing them (the scales) perfectly in tune, which you must satisfy yourself you do, before the thing (the co-equality of the tones) can be fairly tested. This (what?) will prove the tones to be perfectly equal to each other; and the diatonic semitones equal in themselves also. When this (what?) is done, you will find that F sharp is a lower sound than G flat, and G sharp is a lower sound than A flat." Musicology has never sunk so low as it has from the pen of Mr. Clare! Where have the differences between F sharp and G flat, and G sharp and A flat been indicated in the course of his two curiosities or experiments? In his second experiment is to be found a complete contradiction to the false result of his experiment on semitones. He has deprived himself of the room to distinguish between F sharp and G flat,—G sharp and A flat, and A sharp and B flat: because these are THREE out of the five notes which divide the octave interval into six equal parts. In the former part of this letter I have exposed the fallacy and

the confusion of his six equal tone intervals in the octave; and I now exclaim, how glorious is the uncertainty of the "size" of Mr. Clare's "five larger and two smaller intervals?" and "how are the days of such mock learning being numbered, and its votaries daily waxing smaller (thinner?) under the influence of the mighty march of (any regularly prepared) mind."

Giving notice to Mr. Clare, that I intend to finish up his curiosities in my next, I am yours truly,

J. MOLINEUX.

P.S. Some kind friend has sent me all the numbers of Mr. Clare's Psalmody. What can be the object? Many thanks to the donor; but, unless it may become necessary, I shall never peruse them.

[The following errors occur in my two last letters:—in the first of which the word "first," in the second line, was written "fifth." In the seventeenth line, the words "in music" are omitted from "very slightly different notes in music as it now exists." In the eighteenth line, "are" is taken for "is." In the twenty-first line the words "parallels from," were written "parallels with." In the twenty-eighth line, the words "of the sub-dominant chords, the intervals" are repetitions. The word "averse," in the forty-third line, was written "adverse." The word "initiate," in the forty-seventh line, was written "imitate." And the word "fifth" is omitted from "perfect fifth note," between the forty-seventh and forty-eighth lines; in my last the words "of his" before "pretensions," and "dominant and tonic" before the words ("instead of the sub-dominant and tonic basses"), in the last paragraph of my letter are omitted.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Good promises, which are made at night,
Should not be broken ere 'tis light.

My dear Sir,

When we, with H. W., were on the beautiful mountain by moonlight which looks directly opposite on Coblenz, you said, amongst other good things, "I will insert no more anonymous letters in the *Musical World*." I replied—"Now, remember and keep your word; then men of standing will come forward; leave such scribes to utter strange doctrines to their own particular friends," and I might have added, "whose musical attainments will be a sufficient guarantee for downright sincerity and cunning."

Since you have been absent, one "Sebastian Front" (who most probably took that vulgar name on account of the writer's mistaken ignorant pronunciation of Bach's name, viz. BACK) has been showing off with as much unrivalled success as "Musica." Then a Frenchman (at least so we are informed) has been expressing his opinions on the subject of counterpoint, and the only wisdom I remark was the addressing his observations to Mr. Lunn, which must be highly complimentary to that gentleman, inasmuch as the gentleman from the *Observateur Français* (hum!) seems a very staunch advocate for the study of counterpoint! For a Frenchman his anecdote is put into good English; so good, that one might almost mistake him for a British musician, particularly if we take into consideration the cream of the letter.

I trust, Mr. Editor, this baby clamour against counterpoint will now be put a stop to, and that you will especially encourage your correspondents to write in their own names. I do not ask this out of any personal fear, for your anonymous writers have been so bold in their opinions of me, that the world must either suppose them cowards or me childish: but as counterpoint is not a subject for children, and as I have shown myself no coward, I hope that a few (for I only expect a few) musicians and readers of this journal will trace the true causes of offence I have given, and why they seek to pull me down, although they never can, for I am getting up all the while, and I will tell you how! When I was in Germany, musicians told me they had read the stupid nonsense written against me in the *Musical World*, and what do you think they said?—"Oh, I see they know nothing of counterpoint, so they abuse Mr. Flowers." And now I will hint at the result of this false treatment of art; which is, that before very long the "CONTRAPUNTISTS' SOCIETY" will contain many German musicians of the first standing. When I had the pleasure of seeing my dear master, Dr. Rinck, of Darmstadt, he said—"I regret that I cannot write the exercise which admits candidates as members of your society, for I much approve of it." Unfortunately, Dr. Rinck is too feeble to compose again. I found him much changed in appearance, but his heart was unaltered, nor otherwise will it ever be, till he puts off his earthly form, then he will be perfect, and (as his motto says) "Mir Gor." The life of Rinck reminds me of what a musician should be: let us then imitate this good, venerable, and able man, and put away all unkind feelings; nor let him who has the most power over irony forget that that quality is dross compared with gentleness and mercy—not

that wilful wrongs should not be answered with just severity, but that kind motives and usefulness should be the mainsprings of all our actions. In this desire, I remain ever, and my dear sir,

Your's sincerely,
FRENCH FLOWERS.

PS.—May not views such as whether the key of A sharp be higher than B flat be rather dim for clear sighted people to admire?

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

Sept. 8, 1845.

I have done a pretty business for myself, it seems, by touching the tender ground of the enharmonic scale—two correspondents have already started: one in Liverpool and another in Leicester. Each of whom has his full share of vivid opacity, and a corresponding quantum of pugnacity; natural concomitants of like cause and effect. Under these circumstances, I am, unfortunately, constrained to find perceptions for my gentlemen as well as matter of fact. Really this is too much to expect from one man. Will not some other kind correspondent undertake the task of teaching these worthies to read aright "the written word?" 'twill save them many an unlucky blow, and me the trouble and unpleasantness of delivering it. Mr. Oldershaw "cannot see in what he has mistaken Mr. Clare." Opacity direct. Mr. Clare proves, by examples, to those who are blessed with the ordinary powers of perception, that the five tones of the diatonic scale are equal, and also that the two semitones are equal in themselves, and more than the half of the whole, and what proportion they really bear to the tones. Mr. Oldershaw "contends they are not." Pugnacity direct. Mr. Clare repudiates "the string," and Mr. Oldershaw, *sans ceremonie*, thrusts a tube into his mouth. Foul play, foul play—play most foul, my Lord of Leicester! To conclude, this magnanimous man with his big fiddle defies Mr. Clare to fatal conflict—the upshot is, that Mr. Clare declines the honour. Thus ends, on my part, the flourishing business between me and my Leicester correspondent.

Dear Sir, truly your's, &c.,
EDWARD CLARE.

Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS. — (From a Correspondent.)—The long expected new ballet, *Le Diable à Quatre*, the music of which is by Adolf Adam, has been produced at the *Academie Royale de Musique* with immense success. The principal characters were sustained by Mdle. Carlotta Grisi and Mdle. Maria. Mdle. Sophie Dumilatre danced a pas in a *divertissement* in the second act. The *Courier Français*, in speaking of Carlotta Grisi, says:—

Carlotta danced even better than the "Peri." This was impossible, but she accomplished it. Never did the opera boards witness a flight so rapid, an *elan* so graceful, a whirl so charmingly coquettish. "Mazonetta" distanced "Giselle." Carlotta alone could vanquish Carlotta. But what a terrible *fracas*! What a tempest—what noise—what thunder! The whole audience applauded, shouted, and in every conceivable manner gave vent to their delight.

The same paper is also in raptures with Mdle. Maria, whom it pronounces the queen of pantomimic dancers. The success of the ballet will go far to carry the opera prosperously through the "dog days."

Provincial Intelligence.

GLASGOW.—Mr. Russell, the American composer and singer, gave a concert in the Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening, the 8th inst., and notwithstanding the counter attraction of Madame Tagliani's first appearance in Glasgow, at the Theatre Royal, we were both surprised and pleased to find the room crowded to excess by a fashionable, and, from all we could observe, delighted audience. The selection of Monday evening included some of Mr. Russell's best compositions, and the manner in which they were sung, and the pleasure derived therefrom by the audience, will be best understood by stating the fact, that nearly every piece was encored. Mr. Russell's next entertainment takes place in the Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening next, the 15th instant.—(*Glasgow Chronicle*.)

CONCERT AT STALYBRIDGE.—A concert was given in the Town Hall, Stalybridge, on Tuesday evening the 2nd instant, by the celebrated Braham and Sons, and was very numerous attended. In addition to the programme, Mr. Braham sung, at the request of the audience, "The Death of Nelson" and "The Bay of Biscay O." The manner in which they were given seemed to thrill the attentive listeners. Altogether the concert proved a rich treat.

CHELTEMHAM.—During the last week or two, our town has been flooded with harmony. First came a succession of vocalists—sopranos, basses, tenors, and contraltos, each singly delightful, but in union perfectly enchanting. There was the rich intonation of Miss Dolby, the brilliancy, dramatic power, and executive facility of Madame Castellan, the subdued grace of Moriani, and the Titanic vigour of Fornasari. No sooner had these taken their departure, than musical ears were gladdened with the announcement of Jullien's arrival. Pittville was selected as the place where the performances were to be given; and the result proves that the choice was judiciously made. The magnificent style of the room, its ample proportions, the beauty of the approaches leading to it, all fitly blend with the charm of music; whose native function it is to give illimitable expression to whatever is most tender, aspiring, and sublime in sentiment. The concerts took place on the mornings of Saturday and Tuesday, and the evenings of Friday and Monday. There was a large and brilliant attendance on each occasion, especially on Saturday morning, when the room appeared quite filled. The style and effect of Jullien's concerts are so well known, that a detailed account of the performances would be quite superfluous. The music which incorporates itself with the "poetry of motion," is that in which Jullien has attained the greatest celebrity; and of course it figured extensively in his programmes. There were Valses, Gallopes, Polkas, Mazurkas, and Quadrilles in abundance; and notwithstanding their familiarity, we suspect they were not the least enjoyed by the audience. Pieces of a very different character were however introduced, and served to give a welcome variety to the concerts. Weber's Overture from *Der Frieschutz*—Beethoven's allegro and storm from the *Pastoral Symphony*—his wonderful Grand March—Rossini's Overture from *William Tell*—and the selections from his *Stabat Mater*—were executed with admirable skill, and developed some of the most exquisite resources of musical art. The solos were as near perfection as the fame of the performers led people to anticipate. Sivioli achieved marvels of tone and expression on the violin in the "Andante and Prayer" and the *Carnaval de Venise*, which excited unbounded wonder and applause. Nor was Richardson less successful on the flute. He is still master of a richness, finish, and aerial modulation, that leave him without an equal. Koenig on the Cornet-a-piston, Prospere on the Ophicleide, Baumann on the Bassoon, and Sonnemberg on the Clarinet, evinced executive powers of the highest order. On the whole, Jullien's visit has proved highly satisfactory; not only in gratification to the public, but doubtless also in pecuniary profit and augmented reputation to himself and his associates.

MR. WOODWARD'S CONCERT took place on Friday morning the 29th ult., at the Rotunda. The attendance was numerous, and the general effect pleasing. Madame Rossi Caccia won golden opinions of the audience—her performances were of first rate excellence. The richness and compass of her organ evinced vocal powers of the highest order; and her style of execution was equally significant of refined culture. Signora Brambilla and Moriani occasioned some disappointment; the former by a flatness in the lower part of her voice; and the latter, by a deficiency of expression. The accompaniments were performed on the piano by Signor Galliani; and Signor Puzzi gave two fantasias on the horn with his customary taste.

MR. HALE'S FIRST CONCERT was given according to announcement on the evening of Wednesday the 3rd instant, at the Assembly Rooms. High as expectation had been raised, the performances more than satisfied the audience, and commanded frequent tokens of delighted approval. Miss Dolby, Fornasari, Brizzi, and Orsini, having appeared on former occasions in this town; but Madame Castellan was introduced for the first time last evening. It would be difficult to exaggerate the fine qualities of her voice or the consummate excellence of her method. Her execution in several duets was marked by a passionate richness of delivery, which excited a deep and irresistible sympathy with the sentiments so gloriously embodied in song. The most perfect display, however, of Madame Castellan's vocal powers occurred in Donizetti's beautiful aria, "O luce di quest'anima," the execution of which was marked by the utmost splendour of tone and grace of manner. Miss Dolby sang very charmingly in several pieces; and Fornasari shewed that his magnificent bass has lost none of its power. The second concert took place this morning, at the Rotunda, and was numerous attended.—(*Cheltenham Chronicle*.)

Miscellaneous.

MR. LINDLEY AND HIS VIOLONCELLO SOLO.—Mr. Lindley the eminent violoncello player, has addressed a letter to some of our contemporaries in explanation of his strange refusal to play the violoncello solo, set down for him on the second evening concert at our late music meeting. The substance of it is that he **DISTINCTLY STIPULATED**, as he always does, to play his piece during the *first* evening's performance. The capitals and italics are from Mr. Lindley's letter. Now we are in a position to state with equal distinctness that Mr. Lindley never made any stipulation of the kind, or any agreement at all about his solo, and any one who will take the trouble to refer to the public newspapers, will find that at our festivals in 1830-33-36-39, and at Hereford in 1843, Mr. Lindley uniformly played his violoncello solo on the *second* evening. The public may now judge of the validity of his defence.—*Worcestershire Chronicle*.

BIRMINGHAM.—A musical festival on a very extensive scale will be held at Birmingham the last week in August, 1846, (much earlier than usual) under the direction of Mendelssohn, with whom the committee are already in communication on the subject of a new oratorio, to be produced on the occasion. The great music-hall is opened every Monday evening to the public, at threepence admission, to hear Mr. Stimpson perform on the organ; any profit arising from which (the expense being very trifling, as the trustees grant the use of the hall gratuitously) is given in aid of a fund for the relief of the members of the Choral Society when required.

It is **NOT** generally known, that at Trinity Church, New Road, the psalms, *Jubilate Deo, Magnificat, Cantate Domino*, &c. &c., are most effectively chaunted by a very efficient choir, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Lyon, Jun.

MADAME E. GARCIA, and Messrs. D. King and Stretton, have been performing at the Bath Theatre during the week, in *Lucia di Lammermoor, La Sonnambula*, and the *Love Spell*, with great success. *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, is in active rehearsal, under the spirited management of Mrs. Macready, the lessee of the Bristol Theatre, who has recently opened the Bath Theatre.

CONCERTS IN THE COUNTRY.—During the past week Grisi and her party have given concerts at Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. Puzzi and his party at Scarborough, Preston, Manchester, Liverpool, Harrogate, &c. Castellan and her party at Reading, Southampton, Portsmouth, Brighton, Dover, Tunbridge Wells, &c. Wilson and H. Phillips have given their entertainments at Worcester, Gloucester, Bath, &c., Lover at Scarborough, Whitby, &c.; and Braham at Liverpool, and other places in that locality.

COLOSSEUM.—The spirited proprietors of this magnificent temple of art are causing an organ to be erected in the hall of sculpture, facing the grand refreshment room, on which an eminent professor will occasionally perform. The panorama of London by moonlight continues to attract numerous visitors every evening, as well as the extraordinary stalactite caverns, Mont Blanc, &c. Foreigners declare the Colosseum to be the most splendid structure in Europe.

WE REGRET to learn that Donizetti the celebrated composer, who recently arrived in town, is labouring under a severe fit of illness.—*Galignani*.

SIR GEORGE SMART, in returning from the Beethoven festival at Bonn, met with a painful accident. At Dover the steam-boat passengers were landed by means of a small boat in a rough sea, and Sir George in getting into this boat from the steamer, stumbled, and hurt his leg so severely, that he has since been confined at Hythe.

MR. W. H. WEISS and Miss Barrett, the vocalists, have entered into a compact to sing duets together, for life; the agreement was signed and sealed last week.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—**THE GRAND PIANIST.**—We understand Mr. Simpson has engaged Leopold de Meyer, the unrivalled pianist, for six nights. He sails from Liverpool on the 27th, by the Great Britain. His terms are £100 per night. He will prove a second Ole Bull. He not only plays the piano with his hands, *but likewise with his knees.*—*The New York Herald*, Aug. 30. [M. Leopold de Meyer sails in company with Mr. John Povey, General Theatrical Agent for the United States, and the gentleman who has transacted all his American engagements.—Ed. M. W.]

THE DISTIN FAMILY left London on Thursday, the 21st of August; played at Machin's Concert, at Birmingham, that evening; on the 22nd, in Caernarvon, North Wales; 23rd, Private Concert at the mansion of the Marquis of Anglesea, Isle of Anglesea; same evening, Concert in Bangor; 25th, Concert in Beaumaris; Wednesday morning, 27th, ditto—and in the evening, Private Concert at Penrhyn Castle (Col. Pennant, M.P.); 28th, Second Evening Concert, Caernarvon; 29th, Second Concert at Bangor; all crowded to excess. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, Concerts in Shrewsbury; 5th, Denbigh and St. Asaph, morning and evening, attended by all the leading families within twenty miles round the country; Liverpool, on the 6th, attended by 2,500 persons; Warrington, 8th and 9th. They have engagements here on the 10th (past), 15, 17th, and 19th; York, on the 22nd and 25th; and Scarborough, on the 24th, which will finish their tour in England, as they proceed to Germany and Russia in October next.

MR. WILSON is giving his Scottish entertainments at various places in South Wales, with his accustomed success; like a good workman he carries his tools with him, for the principality is not famed for good pianofortes, so Wilson has a petit instrument snugly enclosed in his carriage. Braham too, and his sons, intend to give the fair daughters of the mountain-land a specimen of their vocal abilities.

A NEW ORGAN is to be erected in the Hall of Sculpture, at the Colosseum, on which an eminent professor will perform at stated periods, and vocal music will be introduced occasionally.

MADAME GRISI, Mario, and F. Lablache started off for Norwich immediately after the concert, which took place at Blackheath on Monday morning, and they commence a tour to the west of England to-morrow, accompanied by Benedict and John Parry.

DRURY LANE opens the latter end of this month with a new ballet entitled *La Fille de Marbre*, with Dumilatre and Petipan. The opera has not been fixed upon.

ROSSINI'S OPERA, *Guillaume Tell*, has been produced for the first time at Milan, and *failed*, it is said, in consequence of the inefficiency of the vocal performers, especially of the principal tenor. This recalls to mind the time when the *Grand Maestro's chefs-d'œuvres* were hissed one day, and lauded to the skies the next.

BLACKHEATH.—Despite of the very unfavorable state of the weather, on Monday, Mr. Carte's concert at the Green-man, Blackheath, was extremely well attended; to be sure, the attractions were very great, for the programme contained the names of Grisi, Miss Messent, Mario, F. Lablache, Wetherbee, and John Parry, as vocalists; and Leopold de Meyer, pianoforte—Messrs. Carte and Rackstraw, flutes. Conductor, Mr. Henry Smart. The several *morceaux* sung were loudly applauded. Grisi was very splendid in "La Morale," and Mario in "Com'e gentil." John Parry was encoired in two of his buffo romances—and Leopold de Meyer in both his fantasias. The great pianist played with marvellous effect. The audience were perfectly electrified. The performance of Mr. Carte on the flute, both in a solo, and in a duet with his pupil, elicited very great applause. Miss Messent was highly successful in a ballad by Linley, "Gay summer bee," which she sang with the greatest expression and sweetness—and Mr. Wetherbee gave "The Wanderer" with excellent effect. We scarcely need add, that the vocal music and solos were excellently accompanied by Mr. Henry Smart, on a fine Erard grand pianoforte. At the end of the concert Grisi, Mario, and F. Lablache started, per railway, for Norwich, and Miss Messent for Brighton. The Grisi party will be at Reading on Friday, where they will be joined by John Parry and Benedict; from thence they will go to Cheltenham, Plymouth, Exeter, Bath, Clifton, and Brighton, where the tour will come to a close on the 27th. Grisi and Mario will depart immediately for the continent.

MENDELSSOHN'S WALPURGIS NACHT.—In quoting an article on this great work from the *Worcestershire Guardian*, in our notice of the Worcester Festival, we excused ourselves from writing a new one on the score of having already published a detailed review of the work sometime since. A correspondent informs us that the very article we have quoted, as an original one, from the *Guardian* is the article written by our own editor subsequently printed in the *Morning Post*, which our provincial cotemporary puts forth, without acknowledgment, as its own.

BONN FESTIVAL.—In our list of the celebrated artists who attended the festival from London, we have inadvertently omitted the name of Madame Dulcken, the eminent pianist.

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